



VOL. III.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

JOHN HISE & WILLIAM OSMA,
La Salle street, one door from the north-west corner
of the Public Square.

TERMS:

Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, if paid in advance; Three dollars if not paid before the expiration of the first six months; And three dollars and twenty-five cents if delayed until the end of the year.

Advertisements inserted at \$1 per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.

No subscribers taken for a shorter period than six months.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editors.

All communications, to ensure attention, must be post paid.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

An Angel form, with brow of light,
Watched o'er a sleeping infant's dream,
And gazed, as tho' his visage bright
He there beheld as in a stream.

"Fair child, whose face is like to mine,
Oh come," he said, "and fly with me;
Come forth to happiness divine,
For earth is all unworthy thee."

"Here perfect bliss thou canst not know
The soul amidst its pleasures sighs,
All sounds of joy are full of woe,
Enjoyments are but misery."

"Fear stalks amidst the gorgeous shows;
And tho' serene the day may rise,
It lasts not long in its close,
And tempests reign in calmest skies."

"Alas! shall sorrow doubts and fears
Deform a brow so pure as this!—
And shall the little tears
Dim those blue eyes that speak of bliss!"

"No, no! along the realms of space,
Far from all care, let us begone;
Kind Providence shall give thee grace
For those few years though nights live on."

"No more the weeds, no sound of wail
Thy careless spirit shall annoy;
Thy kindred shall thy absence hail,
Even as thy coming gave them joy."

"No cloud on any brow shall rest,
Nought speak of toils or sadness there;
Of beings, like thee, pure and blest,
The latest hour should be most fair."

The Angel shook his snowy wings,
And thro' the fields of ether sped,
Where Heaven's eternal music rings—
"Moth!—alas!—thy day is dead!"

From the Democratic Review.

Life of Gen. Jackson.

It is generally known to the friends of Gen. Jackson, that he has committed all his papers, &c., to the hands of Mr. Kendall, from whose able hand a Biography worthy of the subject may be expected at no very distant day. In the mean time, the readers of the Democratic Review will have the benefit of some portions of these authentic materials, for the illustration of some of the most interesting passages in the life of the good and great old man.—*Ed. Dem. Review.*

ANECDOTES OF GEN. JACKSON—BY AMOS KENDALL.

Public men often suffer great wrong in reference as well to their private as their public character and conduct, from the misrepresentations of their political adversaries, frequently aggravated by personal animosities. Individuals of a party who mean to be honest, and would not in word or thought intentionally do injustice to a human being, often believe, with a too ready credulity, the assertions of party presses, political leaders and personal enemies, thereby becoming accomplices in the infliction of injuries at which their own consciences, if properly instructed, would revolt with horror.

The opinions imbibed by a large portion of mankind in reference to the temper and conduct of General Jackson in his personal relations, furnish a striking illustration of these truths. Multitudes there are, both in the United States and other countries, who, having received their impressions without due consideration, from presses and persons opposed to him, believe that distinguished man to be reckless of religious faith, if not of moral obligation, ferocious in temper, and in all the relations of life a tyrant. Such individuals will learn with astonishment, that this picture is all the reverse of truth; that the tone of Gen. Jackson's mind during his Presidency was decidedly devout; that no man could be more kind and indulgent in all his private relations; and that if he be censurable on this score, it is for too much forbearance. With what pain he found himself compelled to give up his favorable opinion of old friends, and with what tenacity he clung to them, in many cases, after everybody else pronounced them venal and treacherous, was witnessed by those who were intimate with him during his administration. But without touching at present upon anything connected with his political course, I propose to give in the present and in some succeeding papers a few authentic anecdotes which will tend to correct the erroneous opinions entertained by many as to his religious impressions and imputed violence of temper.

Those who sat down with General Jackson at his private table to break bread, know with what fervor he uniformly invoked the blessings of Heaven upon the repast provided by its bounty. A stranger could not witness the scene without ac-

ording to the venerable man before him, who thus bowed his grey head in humble supplication to the Giver of all good, a heart sincerely religious.

All will remember, that toward the close of his administration the General was attacked by a bleeding at the lungs which threatened to be fatal. Nor will it be forgotten, that some of the party presses attributed this attack to a violent fit of passion, in the paroxysms of which they said he had ruptured a blood-vessel. What a contrast the real scene presented, I had an opportunity to learn from the mouth of an eye-witness. The cruel fabrication had reached the members of the President's family, and from the lips of Mrs. Jackson, the lady of the General's adopted son, rendered unusually eloquent by the indignation which lighted up her beautiful face, I heard the following narrative: "Father," said she, "is in the habit, every night before he goes to bed, of calling me in to read to him a chapter in the Bible. On that night, having finished his business, he called me in to perform that service. I read to him as usual, and having finished the chapter, received from him an affectionate good-night and retired to my bedchamber, which was in an adjoining room. He then called the servant who usually attended to him in his chamber, and was undressing. Suddenly he called me, and entering the room I found him bleeding at the mouth. What produced the attack I know not; but certain it is, that so far from indulging in any outbursts of temper, his mind was calm and devotional, seeking to close the business of the day by communion with heaven."

The practice of reading or listening to a chapter of Holy Writ and sending up fervent aspirations to Heaven every night before he retired to rest, Gen. Jackson brought with him into the Presidency. No man had a deeper sense of dependence on the Giver of all good, or a more sincere and earnest desire to avail himself of the wisdom which comes from on high, in the discharge of his arduous duties. But it cannot be doubted, that in his devotional fervor there was mingled a holy and never-dying affection for his departed wife, whose presence was, in his susceptible imagination, as necessary an incident of Heaven as that of the angels.

A portrait of this dearest object of his earthly affections hung in his chamber. "Is that a good likeness?" said alady to him in my presence. "Pretty good," said he, "but not so good as this," taking a miniature from his bosom.

On another occasion, calling upon him on some urgent business, I was invited into his bed-chamber. I found him too ill to sit up. The curtains in front of his bed were open, and he lay with his head somewhat elevated on a full pillow. Opposite the foot of his bed, nearly touching the post, stood a little table, and on it was the miniature of Mrs. Jackson leaning against a small Bible and a Prayer Book which had been hers. It was evidently so placed that he might, as he lay, gaze upon the shadow of those loved features which had enraptured his youthful heart, and contemplate those virtues which, in old age, and even death, rendered them dear to the bosom of the hero and statesman beyond any other earthly object.

I was not then so thoroughly acquainted with Gen. Jackson as I afterwards became; but on witnessing this scene, I said to myself, *this must be a good man.* None other could entertain so deep, so abiding an affection for a departed companion, however cherished while living. Love like this is all good, all heavenly, all divine, as nearly as anything on earth possibly can be: it cannot dwell in a bad heart; it cannot assimilate with a perverted mind.

I had never seen Mrs. Jackson; but from that moment I pronounced her a superior woman. None but a woman of surpassing virtues could so fix the affections of such a man. None other could maintain such a hold on such a mind, amidst the enjoyment of glory, the gratification of ambition, the cares of state, and never-ceasing excitements sufficient to overpower and swallow up the kindly affections of ordinary men. None other could occupy, in life and in death, so broad a space in the remembrance and affections of one who in devotion to his country never had a superior. And I could not but regret, that she had not lived, not so much to enjoy a signal triumph over her own and her husband's traducers, as to comfort, advise, and sustain her devoted companion in the midst of never-ceasing toils and vexations, the heartlessness of false friends, and the assaults of unrelenting enemies.

Who that visited the President's House during General Jackson's administration does not remember Jimmy O'Neal the Irish doorkeeper? Jimmy was kind-hearted, but blunt in his manners; so much so on some occasions as to appear rude if not insulting. Often one might

ring the bell time after time, and no Jimmy make his appearance. There was a particular cause for Jimmy's apparent rudeness and occasional absence.

Calling one day, upon business, I rang the bell repeatedly, but no doorkeeper appeared. As I had done before under like circumstances, I opened the door and walked up stairs to the President's office. There I found the General and Major Donelson. Presently the bell rang again, and again, and again. "Where can Jimmy be?" said the General. "Drunk, most likely," replied Major Donelson. I then stated that I had not been able to raise him, though I had rung until I was tired, and that this was not the first occasion. Major Donelson then observed, that this difficulty was now of almost daily recurrence; that he had, on several occasions, found Jimmy in his room wholly unable to get to the door; that when not so disabled, his conduct towards visitors was often, from his peculiar situation, anything but polite or respectful; and he expressed the opinion in very decided terms, that a more suitable person should be entrusted with that duty. "Well, well," said the General, "we cannot bear it any longer; let Jimmy be sent to find a home elsewhere."

Again and again I called, and Jimmy still presented his rubicund face at the door, often in a plight not befitting his station. "How is this," said I one day to Major Donelson. "I heard the General tell you that Jimmy must be discharged," "Yes," said the Major, "and that was the third time that I had received such an order; but on each occasion Jimmy waited on the General in person, was exceedingly sorry for his fault, shed tears of repentance in abundance, promised to behave better in future if he could be forgiven this once, and never desisted until he obtained a promise that he should be tried a while longer."

And whoever was familiar at the White House, will remember Jimmy's red face and bluff voice at the door down to the end of General Jackson's administration, ever and anon repeating his fault, and as often by unfeigned repentance and distress extorting forgiveness from his kind-hearted master.

Can such traits of character belong to a tyrant or a bad man? All that is good in human nature answers, no.

The Room with the Light in It.

The following occurrence in which General Jackson, (then a young man) was one of the principal actors, took place in Tennessee. The General was riding the circuit at the time referred to, as a lawyer, and the Court was sitting in the town of R—, now not much larger. It was a pleasant summer evening, and a group of the gentlemen of the bar were standing in front of the only tavern in the place, engaged in discussing the news of the day, when a stranger rode up to the door of the tavern and dismounted. There was much of the dandy in his appearance. He stalked into the house, looked neither to the right nor left, and paid no attention whatever to the friendly greetings of the gentlemen before mentioned. The house was kept by an aged widow lady, who was respected and esteemed by all who knew her. The important gentleman sought her presence, and demanded, rather than requested, a room to himself, with a light in it. Mrs. R. politely informed him that as the Court was then sitting, and her house somewhat crowded, it would be impossible to accommodate him in the way proposed, but that he could have a room if he would share it with another gentleman. This he refused; and finally became so insolent and annoying in his remarks upon the want of accommodation, that the lady sent for General Jackson, as one in whom she could confide, and requested his advice. To him she stated the case, and he desired her to leave the matter to him.

He immediately took a servant and made him enter the little log cabin, rake the corn all on one side, and sweep the floor. The light so much wanted was placed upon the floor. The entrance was a hole about two feet square, with a door, or shutter which was fastened with a padlock. The General then repaired to the great man, and told him his room was ready with a light in it! The grinning dandy took another light and preceded him, while the General with due deference, brought up the rear. Jack led him to the hole, at which he stopped with very manifest tokens of rage. "There's your room," said the General! "Don't keep us waiting!" "Do you mean to insult me?" stammered the stranger, as he encountered the flashing eyes of the General riveted upon him. "Get in sir!" was the reply, "or by the Eternal you shall go in neck and heels. Jack, (to the negro) help him in; he wants a room to himself!" Jack's aid was not needed. The dandy crawled in, the key was turned and, as

insisted upon, he had the room to himself, with a light in it!"

Female Loveliness.

In Mr. Kendall's account of his "forced march" from Santa Fe to Mexico, there is the following sketch:

It was in Albuquerque that I saw a perfect specimen of female loveliness. The girl was poor, being dressed only in a chemise and coarse woollen petticoat; but there was an air of grace, a charm about her, that neither birth nor fortune can bestow. She was standing upon a wall, the taper fingers of her hand supporting a large pumpkin upon her head, while her left was gracefully resting upon her hip. Her dark and lustrous eye was beaming upon us, full of tenderness and pity, while an unbidden tear of sorrow at our misfortunes was coursing down a cheek of the purest and richest burnet. Innocence and the best feelings of our nature were playing in every lineament of her lovely face, and ever and anon, as some one of us more unfortunate than the rest would limp halting by, again her tears would illumine a countenance of purity. If

"Chrysalis tears from pity's eye
Are the stars in heaven high,"

some of them felt that day from the poor village girl drawn from their firmament to lighten the sorrows of those upon whom misfortune had laid her heavy hand.

She could not have been more than fifteen; yet her loose and flowing dress, but half concealing a form of surpassing beauty and fairness, plainly disclosed that she was just entering into womanhood. Her figure was flawless, and even the "chisel" of Praxiteles himself never modeled ankles of such pure and classic finish. As we passed every eye was turned toward her, and exclamations of admiration were upon every lip. She beckoned to a young man along and presented him the pumpkin, and as she did it the word *pobrecitos* was heard gently falling from her lips in tones of softest pity. The fairest flowers are oftenest found in obscurity, and I trust my readers will not doubt my sincerity when I assert that the prettiest girl I ever saw was selling woollen stockings at twenty-five cents a pair at Holmes' Hole, Massachusetts—her twin sister in beauty was standing in her bare feet upon a mud wall at Albuquerque, New Mexico, with a pumpkin upon her head.

From the Cincinnati Times.
A Marvelous Snake Story.

We were shown a letter yesterday, by a gentleman of this city, which he received from a friend living in Louisville, giving a description of a monster of the snake species, captured near Baton Rouge, on the 20th ult. We rather inclined to the belief that it was a hoax, but having seen a paper of the 25th, which detailed the whole history of the expedition, battle, and capture, we can see no reason to doubt the authenticity of the statement referred to. It is thought that his majesty came up through some of the bayous, or numerous outlets of the Mississippi, in that part of Louisiana. We give the condensed statement taken from the letter mentioned above:

"The pilot of the steamboat Plaquemine, a lower country boat, just before she reached Baton Rouge, on rounding the point, discovered, close ahead, what he supposed to be a floating tree, and as it was somewhat foggy at the time, 7 o'clock, A. M. he rang the bell and the engine was instantly stopped. The stopping of the boat attracted attention, and, as usual, every eye on deck was directed forward to ascertain the reason; by which time this huge monster of the deep, having probably satisfied his curiosity, moved off majestically to the opposite shore, inclining down the stream. The sensation produced on all who witnessed the fearful but magnificent undulation of his body, as he passed rapidly through the water, to judge by my own feelings, and the countenances of those around me, was indescribable. The alarm quickly ran through the boat; although every person on board was on the lookout, not more than twenty persons saw him, as the fog almost immediately hid him from our sight. Steam was instantly let on, and in about twenty-five minutes we reached Baton Rouge. Some time elapsed before the citizens could believe we were in earnest, but after a while it was remembered that several negroes, cattle, and hogs, had disappeared within the last few days, in an unaccountable and mysterious manner, and that the negroes had been talking about a big animal seen in a bayou, which an old native of Congo said was one of God Almighty's Spirits, come to free the niggers, and take them back to their own country. At last, however, a company was formed to go in search of this hideous monster. Our two boats were soon filed with volunteers from the steamboat, among whom were two old South Sea whalers, who fixed up harpoons, and made the regular arrangements for a desperate encounter.

Lieutenant Brooks, of the United States Navy, who was on a visit to a brother attached to the command, occupying the U. S. Arsenal here, volunteered to go, and was unanimously appointed commander of the expedition—fifteen men including officers, also put off in the boats, belonging to the garrison, and joined us. After a row of about an hour, we arrived at the spot where his snakeship was last seen—the sun had dispelled the fog, and shone out in unclouded splendor. About one mile and a half below, we found the monster half up on the bank and the other half in the water, in a bend where the water runs exceedingly swift. One of the garrison boats, in the bow of which was a small cannon or swivel, went ahead; the gun had been loaded with musket bullets, and when the boat approached the dreadful looking creature, a man laid himself down in the boat, for the purpose of taking aim, while another stood ready with a match which he applied instantly as the word was given, and at the report, we found that almost, if not all the bullets, struck the monster, and cut him nearly in two; he fell over, however, into the river, dragging with him a large calf. As we gave way, one half of the men in each boat fired four rounds alternately upon his majesty, when we were satisfied he was helpless. We then rowed up cautiously, and having satisfactorily ascertained that he was dead, made fast to him, and towed him to shore, and in a few minutes the steamboat Rosabel came along, and towed our prize up to town. On measuring him he was 53 feet 8 inches long, and 2 feet and a half in diameter at the thickest part; his skin resembles somewhat that of a young alligator, but without scales—his head is more like an alligator than a common snake, and his jaws were fearful and horrible to behold; there was a double parallel row of teeth, as sharp as needles at the point, and about two inches long. Great was the excitement when we started, but still greater was the joy at our return; every man, woman, child, and negro, within five miles apparently, came to the landing to see the monster. Preparations are making to dress and stuff the skin, and place it in some of our museums. I must now close, but shall write again more fully as soon as I return home."

The Measure of a Country Life.

"I have but one word more to add to the advantages of husbandry, which is that of all professions, none is more innocent or more pleasant. The business of it goes on in a known and certain course from season to season, from year to year; the gains from it are most satisfactory to a scrupulous conscience because our goods are sold in open market: are set up together with those of our neighbors, and of the same kind and species, whereby the ignorant may make the better comparisons of their worth. We do not grow rich by jobbing or by buying and selling again, the profit of which too often consists in outwitting and preying on one another, but our advantages arise from the gifts of our beneficent mother, the Earth, whose gratitude generally requires the tiller's care, and by whose increase we hurt no one. Our dependence, next to God's blessing, is on our own skill and industry, and though the season disappoints us sometimes, yet that is neither so often, so great, or so fatal as the disappointment of those in other professions, whose trust and dependence is upon man. What miserable calamities fall out from the necessary trust in trade which one citizen must give to another and to his customers! whereas, the farmer sells for ready money. He may thrive also, without supplanting his brother, which the courier or tradesman can rarely do. And certainly, that person must live a pleasant life, whose death every one desires to die—and there are very few of any art or employment but who propose to themselves, if they are able, a country retirement with at least some little of husbandry, in the last stage of their lives: if so, although other occupations may be in themselves innocent, yet this almost universal desire in men to quit them before they die, looks as if they found it difficult to discharge their consciences in them. They must be sensible that they can make no great figure as *husbandmen*—but there is some delight, even in negative virtue, in being awake and doing no ill. And, as I had some taste and relish of those pleasures, I am desirous to propagate the sense of them as universally as I can; and it would greatly add to my satisfaction to have partakers with me in the enjoyment of it."

Liste.

Female Courage.

The Tennessee Telegraph informs us, that in his address delivered on the anniversary of the settlement of Knoxville, Mr. Homes says that on the night of the 25th of May, 1793, Mr. George Mann,

living twelve miles above Knoxville, heard a noise in his stable, and leaving his house to discover the cause, his return was intercepted by a party of twenty Indians, who fired upon and dangerously wounded him. He fled for concealment to a cave at a short distance, but was followed by the savages and slain. "The wife (says the address) had heard the retreating footsteps of the Indians, and having locked the door, sat in silent expectation with her sleeping children around her. Soon she hears the tramp of approaching feet! Perhaps it is the neighbors alarmed at the firing and coming to the rescue! She is about to rush out and meet them. But she hears their voice in a strange tongue. The horrible conviction seizes her that the savages are returning to the slaughter! The dile is instantly in her hands. That morning she had learned the use of the triggers, and leveling it carefully at the crevice of the door near the lock—she waits the result. Stealthy steps are moving along the wall—the door is pressed against—it yields—is partly open—a savage is on his hands and knees at the entrance, another behind, and still another. Her finger is on the trigger—she thinks of her children, and fires. The first Indian falls heavily to the ground, the second screams with pain, the others gather up the wounded and fly. That lone woman by courage and presence of mind, had repulsed twenty warriors. Had a word escaped her lips after the explosion of the rifles, the lives of herself and children would have been lost. The perfect silence impressed the Indians, and believing armed men in the house, they immediately fled."

War.

Voltaire thus expresses himself on the subject of war: "A hundred thousand mad animals, whose heads are covered with hats, advance to kill or to be killed by the like number of their fellow mortals covered with turbans. By this strange procedure they want, at best, to decide whether a tract of land to which none of them have any claim shall belong to a certain man whom they call *sultan*, or to another whom they call *czar*, neither of whom ever saw or will see the spot so furiously contended for; and very few of those creatures who thus mutually butcher each other ever behold the animal for whom they eat each other's throats! From time immemorial this has been the way of mankind almost over all the earth. What an excess of madness is this! how deservedly might a Superior Being crush to atoms this earthly ball, the bloody nest of such ridiculous murderers!"

Newspapers.—"A newspaper is a school in a family of children, worth ten dollars a year. Even the most barren paper brings something new. Children read or hear the contents, intelligence of the affairs of the world, and acquire useful knowledge of more importance to them in life than a present of fifty acres of land. Parents are not aware of the vast importance of a newspaper in a family of children. We have made the remark before, and we repeat it, that take two families of children equally smart, and both going to the same school; let one of them have the free use of the newspaper, and let the other be deprived of it, and it would excite astonishment to mark the difference between them. Full one half, and an important half of education, as it respects the business of the world, and the ability to rise and make one's self respectable in it—is derived from newspapers. What parent would not wish his children respectable? Who would be willing to have his neighbor's children more intelligent than his own? and yet how trifling is the sum a paper costs! It is even in these hard times absolutely contemptible in amount, and no man ever felt it, except in its beneficial consequences, who paid the subscription regularly once a year."

Family Prayer.—In binding a family together in peace and love, there is no human influence like that of domestic prayer. Uniting them in common objects, it unites their sympathies and desires. Raising their hearts to heaven, it brings them all together in the presence of God. The family altar is an asylum to which they repair from the cares and toils of life. Reminding them of the rest reserved in heaven, it unites them in efforts of faith and obedience for its attainment. There is no holier spot than a house sanctified by prayer—where the word of God is devoutly read, and young and old unite to show forth all his praise. Happy be the humble; but it is holy, and therefore heavenly. Poverty may be there, and sorrow—but its inmates are rich in faith, and joyous in the Holy Ghost. Sickness may enter it—but it comes like an angel of peace and mercy.